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ST. GAUDEN'S STATUE OF LINCOLN
LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

ADDRESS OF MRS. JESSIE PALMER WEBER.

SECRETARY ILLINOIS STATE HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I feel that it is somewhat presumptuous of me to appear from the same platform and at the same time with President Judson; but I also esteem it a very high honor to speak to the Memorial Hall Association on this day with President Judson.

It must be that nature has her favorite days, days or periods when the planets meet in happy position, and children born under these stars are destined for careers out of the ordinary. On the very day on which, in the back woods of Kentucky, in deepest poverty, Abraham Lincoln was born February 12th, 1809, in the home of wealth and culture in England was born another man child, whose name was destined to be known throughout the world as an intellectual power, whose life and labors form an epoch in the world of thought. This child was Charles Darwin. Of these men, born on the same day, Robert G. Ingersoll has said: "One associated his name with the enfranchisement of labor, with the emancipation of millions, with the salvation of the Republic. He is known to us as Abraham Lincoln. The other broke the chains of superstition and filled the world with intellectual light, and he is known as Charles Darwin. Nothing is grander than to break the chains from the bodies of men, nothing nobler than to destroy the phantoms of the soul."

Because of these two men the nineteenth century is illustrious.

In 1816, when Abraham Lincoln was between seven and eight years of age, the family went to Indiana to find there a new home. Here Thomas Lincoln, the father, built a primitive lodge, or what was called by the pioneers a "half-faced" camp. It was closed on but three sides, the open side being towards the south. It was intended for temporary shelter only, but the Lincolns lived in it for a year. In 1818 Lincoln's mother died. She had borne so much hardship, so much deprivation, and she died "in the wide forest, died as the leaf dies, leaving nothing to her son but the memory of her love." Can there be a more pitiful story than that of Thomas Lincoln and his little son, assisted by the relatives, young boys to whom poor Nancy had been kind, hewing out for her a rude coffin from a rough log, and then laying the pathetic remains away, with no preacher or teacher to make even a brief prayer? It is said that the first letter Abraham Lincoln ever wrote was to a minister, Elder David Elkin, asking him to come and preach a sermon over this poor mother. And the minister did come, months after, and comforted the boy and his sister with the long delayed sermon. The little Sarah was only eleven years old, and the labors of keeping the home were too arduous for her. The next year, 1819, Thomas Lincoln left his little family and went back to Kentucky on a visit. Dennis Hanks, Mr. Lincoln's cousin, quaintly says: "We all knowed what Tom went for, but we did not think he would have any luck; he was known to be so shiftless and such a poor provider." But he did have luck, the best of luck, for the widower brought back to the Indiana home a new wife, who was in every way and in every

sense a mother to the forlorn little family, and was the means of bringing some comfort into their lives. Young Abraham loved her dearly and she helped him all she could to get the education for which his soul thirsted; he was a dutiful son to her, as long as he lived.

On March 1, 1830, when Abraham Lincoln was just twenty-one years of age, he, with his father and family, moved to Illinois; so that while Mr. Lincoln was not born in Illinois, he was a citizen of the State during all the years of his manhood. The family settled about ten miles west of Decatur, and here Lincoln helped to clear the ground for a new cabin and fenced the clearing with walnut rails which he helped to split. Some of the rails, perhaps you will remember, were brought into the Decatur convention of 1860, when Mr. Lincoln's name was before the country—not before the State Convention—as a probable candidate for the Presidency, and these rails are now historic.

When Mr. Lincoln was nineteen he made a trip to New Orleans in a flat boat for Mr. Gentry, his employer, to sell goods. When he was about twenty-two he made another trip, this time in the service of his friend, Denton Offutt. It was on this second trip that he saw a young negro girl offered for sale on the block. He said to his young men associates that if he ever had a chance he would hit that evil—meaning slavery—and hit it hard. The story is also related of this trip that he visited an old voodoo woman in New Orleans, and that she told him that he would one day set the negroes free. Perhaps he had a feeling at that time that he would some day be a great man. I think every right minded American boy has that

idea and that hope. I take too long over these simple days of poverty and toil and must hasten on to speak of the days which made his life the history of the nation.

He settled at New Salem on the Sangamon river, near the present town of Petersburg, Illinois. His life was that of the younger men of the back woods, except that he read and studied every moment that he could find the time.

Abraham Lincoln was a man too reserved and diffident to spend much time in the company of women, and, while he was a good conversationalist and a noted story teller, he was not an adept in the small talk and badinage which usually makes up the greater part of such conversations; but, in spite of that fact, he always had women friends. His kindness of heart and his fondness for children made this inevitable. I have tried to tell you in this little paper of some of these women friends who are today remembered by the world, because they were his friends.

In his boyhood days in Indiana, when he was seventeen years of age and a pupil under Schoolmaster Crawford, he was a celebrated speller at a time when good spelling was esteemed a great accomplishment. In the school was a very pretty young girl of fifteen, Kate Roby, who, in after years, told of his attempts to help her in the spelling class. The schoolmaster pronounced the word "defied." Several pupils misspelled it. It came Kate Roby's turn. She began "d-e-f," then she hesitated, uncertain whether to proceed with a "y" or an "i". She looked at Abe Lincoln. He put his finger up to his eye, and Miss Kate glibly proceeded with the word. Kate Roby became

the wife of Allen Gentry, Mr. Lincoln's friend. Years after, in telling of her acquaintance with Mr. Lincoln, she said, "We were friends, much attached to each other, but were never in love." She told of strolling with him in the evenings to the river bank where they would sit and watch the moon rise over the neighboring hills, and Abe would talk to her of the planets and tell her tales of their movements, which she said, naively, she did not at all believe.

When Lincoln came to New Salem, he met, among others, the Rutledge family, and this family was destined to make an indelible impression on his life. James Rutledge, the father of Ann Rutledge, was one of the founders of the town of New Salem. He was born in South Carolina and was a member of the noted Rutledge family of that State. He came to New Salem in 1829. He was most hospitable, had a large family, and his pioneer home was the center of social games and meetings for the little settlement.

L. M. Greene, a friend of Lincoln's who knew her well, said of Ann Rutledge: "She was amiable and of exquisite beauty, and her intellect was quick, deep and philosophical, as well as brilliant. She had a heart as gentle and kind as an angel and full of love and sympathy. Her sweet and angelic nature was noted by every one who met her. She was a woman worthy of Lincoln's love." Mr. Herndon says this was a little overstated, as to beauty, but it is otherwise nearly correct.

Mrs. Hardin Bale, a lady who knew her, spoke highly of her beauty and womanly qualities, and John McNamar, the lover whose leaving New Salem and whose long absence and silence caused her much

anguish, said of her, years afterwards: "She was a gentle, sweet, amiable maiden, without any of the airs of your city belles, but winsome and comely withal, a blonde in complexion, with golden hair, cherry red lips and a bonny blue eye. As to her literary accomplishments, she undoubtedly was as classic a scholar as Mr. Lincoln. She had at the time she met him, I believe, attended a literary institution at Jacksonville in company with her brother."

This John McNamar, who, as John McNeil, had come to New Salem from New York about the time that Lincoln arrived there, or about a year earlier, was an industrious young man, and soon accumulated some property. He fell in love with Ann Rutledge, who was then seventeen years of age. This man, when he had amassed a large sum for those days, it was said to have been ten or twelve thousand dollars, prepared to return to his home in New York to bring his parents and brothers and sisters west. He told Ann that his real name was McNamar, not McNeil, and that he had changed his name in order that his people would not know where he was living. He said they were poor and that he meant to go and get them, but did not want them to come out until he was ready to take care of them. He and Ann Rutledge were engaged. Then he went away. All that he told Ann was true, but when he went away, friends doubted the strange stories he had told her, thought it very strange about the change of name, and unsettled her faith in him. His letters grew farther apart, and finally ceased.

Lincoln then came on the scene and courted her. She wrote to McNamar asking for a release from her

engagement, but alas no answer came. She gave up, as nearly as she could, the thought of her former lover, and she and Mr. Lincoln were engaged, and were to be married as soon as he had completed his law studies, "when," as he said, "nothing on God's footstool should keep them apart," but late in the summer of 1835 the girl was taken with a fever, and day by day she grew worse, sank slowly, steadily—no hope. She repeatedly called for Lincoln, and her family sent for him. He came, and they left the two alone together. What passed between them in this sad interview was known only to Lincoln and the dying girl. She shortly afterwards became unconscious and remained so until her death.

Mr. Herndon, in telling of the death of Ann Rutledge, describes Mr. Lincoln's mental condition. Ann's little grave was spoken of, and Mr. Lincoln said his heart was broken and sad. His heart was indeed broken and sad, and he said, "It lies buried in that little grave." He said also to the same friend, "I cannot endure the thought that the sleet and storm, frost and snow of Heaven should beat on her grave." Mr. Herndon says, "he slept not, he ate not, he joyed not." This he did until his body became emaciated and weak, and gave way. "His mind wandered from its throne." It was said that Mr. Lincoln became partly insane. This is not exactly the truth, but his condition gave his friends the gravest anxiety.

Mr. Herndon delivered a lecture entitled, "Lincoln and Ann Rutledge," which is one of the most beautiful bits of Lincoln literature, but is now unfortunately very rare. His description of the scenery around New Salem and of the spring flowers of the

Sangamon valley is truly idyllic. After a little while Mr. Lincoln's friends succeeded in nursing his wounded heart and spirit into a more healthy frame of mind. Other interests came into the life that was destined to be so full, but the gentle memory of Ann Rutledge, which must in after years have seemed like a sweet, dim dream of his youth, never faded away.

At the little home of a friend, Bowling Green, Lincoln was coaxed by the community back to life and labor. All the people visited him at the little home. Young mothers brought their little ones for him to see and bless; men and boys came to him for advice; and the good wife of Mr. Green nursed him tenderly. He never forgot the kindness of these friends. When Bowling Green died, Mr. Lincoln was asked to speak a few words over his old friend, but his personal grief was too great; he broke down and wept.

Years after, when he had long been a husband and father, an old friend asked him about his feeling for Ann Rutledge, and he said, "I will tell you the truth, I dearly loved the girl." Mr. Lincoln had dearly loved the blue-eyed Ann Rutledge, and after her death he nearly lost his reason; but he entered into society in the little city of Springfield, because his friends were all, or most of them, young married men with hospitable wives and pleasant homes. Mr. Lincoln was very fond of children, too, and the little ones in the homes of his friends were magnets to draw him to their firesides. Before the death of Ann Rutledge Mr. Lincoln had made the acquaintance of Mary Owen, a young lady of Kentucky, who was visiting in New Salem. When Miss Owen's sister, Mrs. Able, was later, about to start for Kentucky on a visit, she

told Mr. Lincoln that she would bring her sister back with her if he would agree to become her brother-in-law. This he agreed to do, and when the lady returned, she brought her sister with her, and Mr. Lincoln certainly did make her an offer of marriage. There seems not to have been any great affection between them, however, and she finally refused him, as, indeed, I think she should have done, for the very letters which proposed marriage seemed almost to try to persuade her to reject the offer. I think any woman's affections would have been chilled to have such letters sent her in the name of love.

This lady, Mary Owen, became the wife of Jesse Vineyard, and afterwards lived at Weston, Missouri. They were married on March 27, 1841, and Mr. Hern-don corresponded with her many years after in regard to Mr. Lincoln's proposal of marriage to her. In one letter she stated that she had said to her sister that she considered Mr. Lincoln deficient in those little links which make up the chain of a woman's happiness; and Mr. Lincoln in 1838 wrote a full account of the affair, from his standpoint, to Mrs. O. H. Browning, of Quincy, of whom he was very fond. He tells the whole story, and relates how mortified and chagrined he was when the young lady refused him, although he had doubted his real affection for her. This affair did not really engage his heart, but most of the men of his age were married, and he felt, as has been said, that perhaps his jesting words to her sister had been taken seriously, and he was in honor bound to offer himself to her. His chagrin over her refusal, although rather amusing, was but natural under the circumstances.

He shortly after removed to Springfield, and there was thrown a good deal into the company of Sarah Rickard, a sister of Mrs. William Butler, an intimate friend. This lady, who became the wife of Richard L. Barrett, said in later years that he talked to her a good deal of the appropriateness of a union between Abraham and Sarah, but she did not think of him seriously, as he was then about thirty years of age, and as she was but sixteen he seemed quite old to her.

Emerson says: "Heartily know, when half-Gods go, the Gods arrive." Lincoln, like other men, admired beauty and vivacity; but, after Mary Todd came into his life, no other woman influenced it. He had, as a boy, watched the moon rise with little Kate Roby at his side. He had cared deeply for Ann Rutledge; had a passing fancy for Mary Owen; and perhaps for the youthful Sarah Rickard; but certain it is that when he first met the woman who was to be his wife, he was fascinated by her, and the thought of her never left his mind and heart, even if at times the thoughts were full of fear and apprehension.

About this time there came to Springfield to visit at the home of her sister, Mrs. Ninian Wirt Edwards, Miss Mary Todd, also from Kentucky, as most of the people of those settlements were. This young girl was so different from the women whom Mr. Lincoln had known, so different from poor patient Nancy Hanks, and the more capable stepmother, Sarah Bush, or the poor little sister who had borne more than her share of labor and sorrow in her pitiful childhood, and had early married a backwoodsman and died in a few months, never knowing that her only brother was to be the mouthpiece of God in the greatest

struggle of the age; so different, too, from the gentle and melancholy Ann Rutledge, who had been his ideal. Mary Todd was extremely pretty and vivacious. She was a cultured woman; would have been even today; and, to the people of those days, her knowledge of the French language was a veritable wonder. Mrs. Lincoln was the daughter of Mr. Robert Smith Todd, of Lexington, Kentucky. His two elder daughters were married and lived in Springfield, Illinois. Frances had married Dr. Wallace, and Elizabeth was the wife of Mr. Ninian Wirt Edwards, already mentioned. Mr. Todd gave his children every advantage, and the daughters, Mary among them, attended the famous school of Mr. Ward. Afterwards Mary attended a boarding school, where French was the language of the school. She attended this school for four years, and thus had exceptional advantages for those days, and she was remarkably clever and intelligent. She really dazzled Springfield society; she was popular with the men and the young ladies, too. Her half sister, Mrs. Helm, in writing about her, describes her thus: "She had a plump, round figure, and was rather short in stature. Her features were not regularly beautiful, but she was certainly very pretty with her lovely complexion, soft brown hair, clear blue eyes, and intelligent bright face, that having once seen, you could not easily forget. She was singularly sensitive and also impulsive. She would make no attempt to conceal her feelings; indeed, it would have been an impossibility if she desired to do so, for her face was an index to every passing emotion. Without desiring to wound, she occasionally indulged in sarcastic witty remarks that cut like a

Damascus blade, but there was no malice behind them. She was full of humor but never unrefined. Perfectly frank and extremely spirited, her candor of speech and independence of thought often gave offense where none was meant, for a more affectionate heart never beat."

Mr. Lincoln was fascinated by her many accomplishments and by her vivacity, yet he was uncertain of himself. There were rivals for her hand. It is said the great Stephen A. Douglas was an aspirant for her favor.

Joshua F. Speed, a young Kentuckian of distinguished family, had a store in Springfield, and when Lincoln came there to practice law with John T. Stuart, whom he had known in the Black Hawk war and in their legislative service at Vandalia, he became acquainted with Speed, who was his room mate, and this acquaintance ripened into a lifelong and devoted friendship. These young men confided in each other and Lincoln visited Speed at the home of his parents near Louisville, Kentucky. Here he saw a beautiful home life, surrounded with comforts and even luxury. Speed's mother took a deep and kindly interest in her son's friend and made much of him, petting and mothering him in a manner quite new to Lincoln. Here he met Speed's sweetheart, the "black-eyed Fanny" of his letters, and it was the happy marriage of these two that, at least, to a great degree, quieted his nervous fears and self-distrust over his contemplated marriage with Mary Todd.

Herndon says that all preparations were made for a marriage on January 1, 1841, and that Mr. Lincoln

failed to appear at the appointed time. This, however, is most vehemently denied by the relatives of Mrs. Lincoln. At any rate, they were married on very short notice at the home of Mrs. Edwards in Springfield on November 4, 1842. As the decision was so hastily made, there was no special gown made for the bride, but her sister Frances (Mrs. Wallace) who had been married but a few months before, loaned her gown which was worn by the bride. It was a white brocaded silk, of course all made by hand, as it was before the days of sewing machines. At the wedding Mr. Lincoln, or perhaps some one else, spilled a cup of coffee on the bride's gown. It was never worn again. This skirt is now owned by a granddaughter of Mrs. Wallace, Mrs. Walter L. Patteson, of Springfield, and Mrs. Patteson loaned it to me and it was a part of the Lincoln exhibit at San Francisco and in the Lincoln exhibit in this building. Miss Julia Jayne, an intimate friend, afterwards the wife of Lyman Trumbull, was one of the bridesmaids, and Miss Elizabeth Todd, a cousin, was the other.*¹ This cousin was twice married, first to Mr. Harrison Grimsley and later to Rev. John H. Brown, of Springfield. She remained close in the friendship of both Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln and she spent six months with them in the White House.

There can be no doubt but that Mary Lincoln loved her husband. She was very ambitious, and his successes, even from the first, made her proud of him. It is necessary for such a woman to be proud of the man whose wife she is. She must be made to feel his superiority. Even Mr. Herndon, who

*¹Some old friends claim that Miss Todd was not an attendant or bridesmaid, though she attended the wedding.

has not treated Mrs. Lincoln too gently in writing of her, says: "She loved power and prominence and seemed inordinately proud of her tall and ungainly husband. If to other persons he seemed homely, to her he was the embodiment of noble manhood." Mrs. Lincoln said in speaking of Lincoln and Douglas: "Mr. Lincoln may not be as handsome a figure, but the people are perhaps not aware that his heart is as large as his arms are long." There have been many stories told of her violent temper, but Mr. Lincoln understood her, and there was confidence and affection between them. Mrs. Lincoln came of a family of refined gentlewomen, and she lived in the south where it was possible to have plenty of servants. Mr. Lincoln had been raised in the backwoods, and his family had hardly the bare necessities of life. It could not have been but that some of his manners and habits should be a trial to her. His habit of answering the ringing of the door-bell caused her much annoyance; but I have seen very even tempered women annoyed by the husband or father or some of the children doing this very thing; haven't you? When you have tried—I am speaking to the ladies now—when you have tried to train an indifferent servant girl to go promptly to the door, and to have her learn that some member of the family would go if she did not move rapidly, is very exasperating to say the least.

It is easy to say, "that is such a little thing"; but it is the little things that annoy us and make us scold the children and the servants. One of her own family said to her, "Mary, if I had a husband with such a mind as Mr. Lincoln has, I should not complain over little things; I should not care what he did." Mrs.

Lincoln said: "Yes, that is so; it is foolish to fret over such trifles."

Mr. Lincoln gave his wife a ring in which were engraved the words, "Love is eternal." Ah, yes, love is eternal. This poor woman lost her son, Willie, a boy of twelve years, who died of typhoid fever, February 20, 1862, while the family were living in the White House. Her grief was wild and passionate. Some one said that the White House was in mourning not for the tens of thousands of sons who had died on the field of battle, but for this little boy, the son of the President. Locke says: "When God makes a prophet he does not unmake the man." And, even in the midst of the nation's bereavement, these poor parents were bowed down with grief over their own sorrow. Mr. Lincoln bore the affliction bravely. He made an agreement with Mrs. Lincoln that they would not talk about it, and the father went on with his heavy, wearing duties, only made more gentle and patient by this personal sorrow; but the poor mother could not lose her own grief in that of the nation. When Mr. Lincoln was struck down at his wife's side by the assassin's bullet, the iron entered her soul, and it may be said that her life, too, was over. Close friends deny the cruel things that were said of her.

On the advice of friends, she traveled abroad, after Mr. Lincoln's death, with her youngest son, Thomas, or "Tad," as his father had nicknamed him. When this boy died in 1871, at the age of eighteen years, it is said that the last hold on life for her was gone. She said to a friend: 'Ah, my dear friend, you will rejoice when you know that I have gone to join my husband and children.' She died July 16, 1882, at the home

of the affectionate sister from whose hospitable roof she had gone a bride. She was buried by the side of her illustrious husband, July 19, 1882. Dr. Reed, who had long been her pastor, said in his funeral sermon: "The taller and stronger one died, and the weaker one is now dead. Growing and struggling together, one could not live without the other. Years ago Abraham Lincoln placed on the finger of Mary Todd a ring bearing the inscription "Love is eternal." Side by side they walked until the demon of tragedy separated them. When the whole nation was shocked by the sad and dire event, how much more must she have been shocked who had years before become a part of his life? It cannot be any disrespect to her memory to say that the bullet that sped its way and took her husband from her, took her, too."

No man ever bore anxiety and disappointment with more patience and fortitude. No man ever bore honors and victory more meekly and with more consideration for those over whom he had triumphed. There is no doubt but that the opposition to him in the Union Army grieved him bitterly.*² After his second election, in response to a serenade, he asked that now that the election was over all should unite in the great work to be finished. He said, "So long as I have been here, I have not willingly planted a thorn in any man's bosom."

On March 4, 1865, Mr. Lincoln was for the second time inaugurated President of the United States. How different was the feeling with which the people regarded him and how different were his own feelings

*²Reminiscences of Carl Schurz. Lincoln's letter to Schurz. Vol. 2, pp. 393-395.

from what they had been four years before, when he had sworn to uphold the Constitution of his country. Where were Douglas and Baker, who had been at his side? Alas, the mighty Douglas had passed into the great unknown, and silver tongued Ned Baker had laid down his life for the Union at Ball's Bluff, in the first year of the war. There were many gaps in the list of friends; many an empty sleeve; and many a crutch among the beholders; but the God of the universe had given the country victories in the field, and now the end of the great struggle was in sight.

James Ford Rhodes estimates that the war cost the north \$4,750,000,000,*³ and that a generous estimate of the value of all the four million slaves who were in the country at the beginning of the war, is that they were worth in money \$3,000,000,000. When you consider the immense sums the government has paid in pensions since the war, the amount would swell to enormous proportions. The north lost 359,528*⁴ men, counting those actually killed in battle, and of deaths from wounds, exposure and disease among the soldiers. The south lost quite as many lives, and thus the nation lost over 600,000 men. But, says Francis Parkman: "Since the world began, no nation has ever risen to commanding eminence which has not at some period of its history been redoubtable in war. And so the writers agree that the great Civil War was worth to the nation all it cost in blood and treasure."

*³James Ford Rhodes' History of the United States. Vol. 5, p. 188.

*⁴James Ford Rhodes' History of the United States. Vol. 5, pp. 186-187.

Mr. Lincoln delivered this, his second inaugural address, and it is, perhaps, except the Gettysburg speech, the most noted of his writings. It closes with these words:

“Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman’s two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said: ‘The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether!’ With malice towards none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation’s wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.”

Mr. Lincoln’s clear, beautiful English is, says Mr. Horace White, like the best translations from the Hebrew prophets.

On the 22nd of March, the President and Mrs. Lincoln, with their youngest son, Tad, having been invited by General Grant, took the steamer *River Queen* and went to City Point, where General Grant and his family and staff were encamped. They were occupying a pretty group of huts on the James River, overlooking the harbor. The President made his home on the steamer, and he remained about ten days. He said it was the greatest relaxation that he had had in the four years of his stay in Washington. Here he

rode daily with General Grant, General Meade and other officers. Here he told stories and joked with the officers and men, and here important consultations were held with the heads of the army and navy in regard to Lee's surrender, and other important matters.

Grant's final movements began on March 29th. Lincoln, at City Point, sat all day in the telegraph office. On April 3d Mr. Lincoln visited Petersburg at General Grant's request. On April 2nd the news of the abandonment of Richmond reached Mr. Lincoln at City Point. As soon as he received the news he made his plans to visit Richmond. On the 4th of April he entered the capital of the Confederacy, on foot, with only four companions and a guard of ten marines. Was there ever such a sight? The President of a great people walking into this scene of desolation. Fire had destroyed a large part of the city, and the people were hostile to the Federal troops; but though the time was short, the day had not come. He walked in safety into the heart of the enemy, and he could not be saved in the center of his own capital city. He remained in the city two days, always busy, always kind, always alert. The homage of the freed negroes was pathetic in the extreme. They flocked around him, weeping, laughing, struggling to see the great Emancipator.

While at City Point, the President and Mrs. Lincoln took a drive in the sweet spring weather. They passed a little country graveyard. Mrs. Lincoln told Mr. I. N. Arnold about the drive, and she said, "It was a retired place, shaded by trees, and early spring flowers were opening on nearly every grave." It was so quiet and attractive that they stopped the carriage

and walked through. Mr. Lincoln seemed thoughtful and impressed. He said: "Mary, you are younger than I; you will survive me. When I am gone, lay my remains in some quiet place like this."

Charles Sumner said that when he was returning to Washington, on the boat, he heard Mr. Lincoln read aloud several times, the passage from Macbeth:

"Duncan is in his grave;

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,

Treason has done his worst, nor steel nor poison,

Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing can touch him further."

The war was over. Oh, the happiness of the people! The whole country was delirious with joy, when on the morning of April 14th, 1865, (Good Friday), they read, the order of the Secretary of War, suspending the draft, stopping the purchase of military supplies and removing military restrictions from trade. Miss Tarbell says the world has rarely known such a day of rejoicing. It was a millennium day, restoring peace and happiness to the country. Even those who mourned, exulted that their dear ones had not died in vain. Their lives had helped to save the country. The President was the happiest of all. The members of the cabinet say he seemed transfigured. A cabinet meeting was held in the morning and reconstruction policies were considered. In the afternoon he and Mrs. Lincoln, as was their custom, took a drive alone. Mrs. Lincoln told Mr. Arnold that the President had said to her: "We have had a hard time of it since we came to Washington, Mary, but the war is over; and, with God's blessing, we may hope for four years of peace and happiness, and then we will go back to

Illinois and pass the rest of our lives in quiet. We have laid by some money, and during this term we will try and save up more, but we shall not have enough to support us. We will go back to Illinois, and I will open up a law office in Springfield, or Chicago, and practice law, and at least do enough to help give us a livelihood."

When they returned from the drive, many friends were waiting for them, among them General Richard J. Oglesby, then the newly inaugurated Governor of Illinois, with whom the President chatted most pleasantly.

At last the hour had come. Many European nations expressed surprise that the Chief Magistrate of a nation would have attended the theater on Good Friday. You must remember that it had been a day of wild rejoicing, because of the close of the war; and in those days the Protestant Churches, except the Episcopalian church, paid little outward attention to the observance of that day. The Lincoln family had been Baptists, and Mrs. Lincoln was a Presbyterian. It was expected that General and Mrs. Grant would go to the theater with the Presidential party, but they were called out of the city. The party was late in reaching the theater. They took their seats and seemed to enjoy the play. During its progress the assassin, who was well known to the attendants of the theater, to which he had access—being an actor—quietly went into the entrance behind the President's box. He picked a piece of plank up from the floor and placed one end of it noiselessly in a hole in the wall close to the door casing. The plank extended across the back of the door and made a strong bolt. Then he

quickly entered the box and raised his right hand, in which he held a Derringer pistol, aimed it at the President and fired. No one saw him, but all heard the pistol shot. Only three persons in the house knew just what it meant; three of the four persons in the box. The fourth person in the box heard nothing, saw nothing, thought nothing. His head had fallen quietly on his breast and the smile was still on his lips. Major Rathbone, who was in the box with the party, sprang to his feet and grappled with the intruder, and in the struggle Booth fell and broke his leg, tripped by the folds of the flag of the country which he had just despoiled of its ruler. Brandishing his dagger and shouting "Sic semper tyrannus," he fled. I will not linger over the dread and pitiful scene. They carried the martyr across the street and he lingered unconscious until at 22 minutes past seven o'clock in the morning on Saturday, April 15, 1865, he died. Then Mr. Stanton said: "Now he belongs to the ages."

No one can picture the revulsion of feeling from delirious joy to the depth of despair. The people were stunned. They could not believe that this awful calamity had actually befallen them.

It was at 9 o'clock in the morning of May 3rd when the train reached Springfield with the remains of him who had little more than four years before left them to walk through a fiery ordeal, the like of which this country had never known. With him came also the body of his little son, Willie, whose death in Washington had been such a grief. There had been a great funeral service in Washington, and in all the great cities, but Mary Lincoln, remembering the little graveyard in

Virginia, and thinking, perhaps, of the days of their early married life, had declined to allow any great city to receive his remains as their last long resting place; and the little city of Springfield, his home, was bowed down with grief, but ready to receive back this greatest of her sons to her bosom, and give him a place to rest.

His old friends were there and the children of his friends, and their grief was touching to behold. Soldiers, senators, judges and diplomats, ministers of the gospel, from afar, all came to pay the last tribute to this great and simple soul, and he was laid to rest in beautiful Oak Ridge cemetery, a spot as beautiful as he could have desired. There by his side lie Mary and three of his four boys. There, too, the remains of his grandson, Abraham Lincoln, son of Robert T. Lincoln, were brought from England and laid in that honored tomb. On the neighboring hills lie Stuart, Logan, Herndon, William H. Bissell, and others who helped him in his struggles.

It was all over. His work was done, but his fame increases with the passing years.

“He held his place—

Held the long purpose like a growing tree—

Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.

And when he fell in whirlwind he went down

As when a kingly cedar green with boughs

Goes down with a great shout upon the hills

And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.”

